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her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her; pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

"Peckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles, she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant, she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows:—

"I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave."

"This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title-page, representing Fannie with her sheep behind her."

The following epitome of the story upon which that most tragical tragedy, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was founded, will be read with great interest; it would seem that in it Sir Walter has departed less widely from the actual facts of the case, at least the facts as represented, than in any of the others:

"Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her pledged faith. Shortly after a suitor who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very

high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his trothplighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

"The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

"If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth."

"If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

"And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand."

"But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her."—Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

"While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, 'For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;' a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

"The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full

of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

"The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantries which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridegroom. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, 'Take up your bonny bridegroom.' She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

"The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all enquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March, 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy."

The designs which adorn this volume, are by Stephanoff and Farrier; the first represents the final rejection of Edgar Ravenswood by Lucy Ashton, or rather by her mother,—a scene, by the bye, which does not occur in this volume; the second is the interview of Sir William and Lucy with old Alice. The *Annals* have made us such epicures in engravings that we find it difficult to be pleased now with those of even second-rate excellence.

*Irish Cottagers.* By Mr. Martin Doyle.—Dublin, Curry and Co.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

This little book is written by the Author of *Hints to the Small Farmers of Ireland*; a work which has already reached a sixth edition: we heartily rejoice to hear that it has been so eminently successful, for it is a manual of plain practical information that we would gladly see in the hands of every working farmer in the country. The present little volume is devoted rather to amusement than instruction, and is, in our opinion, somewhat inferior both in design and execution to the former. It is intended as a delineation of Irish character and manners, as the author informs us he daily meets them in the South-eastern parts of the province of Leinster. The marriage of Mick Kinshella, a thrifty sensible 'boy,' and the commencement of his farm management under the direc-

tion of his landlord, with which the book begins, offers an opportunity, however, of combining practical instruction with his sketches of character, of which the author does not fail to avail himself. Kinshella had a married neighbour, Nick Moran, a very different sort of person from himself, whose character and progress are thus described :

"Nick himself had been always a roystering blade, fond of company and sport, yet shrewd and cunning in some things; a good judge of cattle, and a keen hand at a bargain, for his father had been in the habit of sending him as a cattle-jobber to distant fairs, to purchase cows or pigs, which they often afterwards sold to advantage. The habits of tipping which Nick had contracted in his rambling excursions, owing, in a great degree, to a very evil custom among his humble countrymen, of never buying or selling without the whiskey-bottle, as a party, did not contribute any good qualities to his character; and to render matters worse, his wife was a tea-drinker, and a company-keeper in his absence, occasionally pilfering a bag of potatoes, a stone of meal, or a barrel of oats, for the publican, or the huxter who supplied her with tea and sugar, whiskey and tobacco. The candle was thus melting at both ends, and every thing went wrong within the house, and without it. The fields in which the job cattle were confined between one fair and another, were poached in wet weather; the fences were broken down, and left so; the drains were choked up, and not cleared again; the crops were half weeded; in a word, every thing denoted carelessness, mismanagement, and want of economy. The fifty pounds at length went to clear off rent and arrears, which had been accumulating for three years, and the cattle vanished also. The last struggle which Nick made to replace them was in vain, and so it deserved to be. He had picked up, for two pounds, an abominably vicious, untractable little pony, that would neither lead nor drive, unless when overpowered by flogging and fatigue, and its determination to draw anything was insuperable. Nick, however, contrived to force the animal to a very distant fair, and to exhibit him, his own long legs astride on him all the time, at the green where horses were ranged for sale. It soon happened that one of the Society of Friends, attracted by the excellent points of the animal, enquired his price; but the bargain shall be stated exactly as it was made, in the presence of a crowd of petty horse-dealers.

"Friend.—What will thee take for thy pony?"

"Nick.—Fifteen guineas, your honour.

"Friend.—Don't honour me; 'honour to whom honour.' But won't thee take less?"

"Nick.—(Scratching his head, and considering, perhaps, that the quaker was not to be huxtered with.) May be I might give a good luck-penny.

"Friend.—But, first, will he draw a car, or little carriage? Thee must engage him.

"Nick.—Och! let him alone for that.

"Friend.—Will thee warrant him to plough?"

"Nick.—To plough, is it? I tell you what I'll warrant—that car, cart, and plough, are all alike to him. (Aside. The devil a one of 'em will the same basté ever put his back under.) And I won't ax the money till you get on his back and try him, how pleasant and aisy he travels. For Nick knew very well that the

pony was sobered enough by this time to carry any person; and quietly and smoothly did he now move under the 'friend,' who, finding no reasonable fault with him, at once offered the sum which, on coming to the fair, he had intended to expend in the purchase of horse-flesh—ten pounds—a very old saddle and bridle included in the bargain.

"Nick.—Why, then, if I take ten guineas this day for him, may I be—

"Friend.—If thee swears, thee may keep thy horse. I'll give thee no more. (Going.)

"Nick.—Well, well, you're a quaker, sure enough, then, and I must be at a word with you. You must give me a luck-penny, anyhow, to drink.

"Friend.—I'll give thee a shilling to refresh thyself, but don't thee exceed.

"After Nick had reiterated his protestations of the pony's excellencies, the simple, and upright quaker paid him his money, which Nick might have carried home, had not his besetting sin assailed him in a critical moment. There was a tent hard by; the luck-penny was in his hand; in went Nick, and changed not only his shilling, but a pound-note afterwards; and there he remained for that day, and part of the succeeding one, until some acquaintances of the quaker, witnesses of the bargain, came in with a constable, took Nick before a magistrate, proved to the engagement, implied, though not, perhaps, expressed in the straightest form of words, and obliged him to surrender the purchase-money, ten shillings of which, however, had been spent in the tent, where the fascinations of a drunken piper had so long detained him.

"Nick's dishonesty, for such his conduct really was in principle, however disguised by the trickery of words, and the character of his pony, being now completely blown through the fair, our unfortunate jobber had to come home again just as he went, only that the pony died on the road, from ill-usage and exhaustion.

"The gale-day soon came round again, and Nick was at length ejected from his farm, and glad to find shelter for himself and his family in a wretched cabin, on the road-side, with a small potato-garden behind it, for which he was charged, by a man almost as poor as himself, only four times its value.

"He was ever afterwards, as may be supposed, in one perplexity or another, from his total want of discretion, economy, and self-restraint; careless, idle, and improvident, while his potatoes lasted; compelled, when they were consumed, which was usually at the end of December, to slave unremittingly, in order to preserve himself from beggary; and still there was no trusting him with a shilling in his pocket, although that shilling was earned by the sweat of his brow."

After a description of the wake and funeral of Peter Dempsey, deputy supervisor of roads, whose body was stolen from the grave by a company of "Sackem-ups" who though observed escaped scot-free in consequence of being taken for "sperits," a humorous account of the pursuit when their real character was discovered is given. The relations of Dempsey, believing that it was the intention of the resurrectionists to embark the body of their friend for Scotland, for the especial benefit of Dr. Knox's pupils, directed their chase towards Dublin, from which port they concluded it would be shipped, and after many vain inquiries and disappointments, on drawing near the city they

stopped to lean over the battlements of one of the canal bridges and look about them, when they descried on the trackway almost under the bridge, and as if skulking from public observation, a man driving a car, upon which was placed a large hamper carefully roped. This was proof positive:

"In a shorter time than I shall occupy in telling it, a shout was raised, cudgels were flourished, the carman was at once unceremoniously knocked down, the horse unyoked, the rope was cut from the hamper, and there was taken out, with much agitation and trembling—the flesh, not of the late deputy supervisor, but—of four turkey pouts, and a couple of crammed fowl, a ham, and some sausages, which, it subsequently appeared, the carman had been employed to take from the Wexford market, to a gentleman in the Dublin post-office establishment, who would, doubtless, have most reluctantly bartered those little white and plump carcasses, for the goodliest corpse in the churchyard of Farnasheshery."

The result of this valiant exploit, is, as might be expected, that the assailing party is seized by the police and severally committed to Kilmainham gaol, whence, after much debating as to what was to be done, the "scollard" of the party writes home the following letter to their common landlord in the country:

"Honored Sir,

"I make bould to trouble your honour, about the situation your tenants are in, and all for nothing, at all, at all, but a bit of a mistake, that happened to us joust as we overtuck the car that we thought had Peter's corpse in it, and if your honour doesn't see us ritified, and taken out of houl't, which one line from your honour, would do, supposing it was for a worse thing itself that we were in for, let alone looking for our own flesh and blood, (which Peter is to most of us consarned,) we'll be destroyed for good, intirely, and the busy sason going on, and we fifty miles from Farnasheshery. Your honour needs to be informed, that we are all taken afore one Mr. Justice Gabit, (and his own share of gab he has, sure enough,) and he said that we must give bail to appear at the next quarter sessions, for stepping the car on the high road, and salting the driver; and sure there couldn't be an asalt, when no one touched him, only Nick Moran hot him one blow, that wouldn't hurt a sucking child, just to make him asy, till we looked into the basket for the poor corpse, and the justis wouldn't believe one word about Peter Dempsey being stolen away to Dublin, though I tried to incense it into him, and to make him sensible, but he turned the bothered ear to us intirely; and so if your honour will joust write a bit of a letter to see us ritified, he'll let us out, for sure he wouldn't dar to brake your honour's word.

"Your humble sarvant,

"RICHARD DOYLE.

"P. S. Jem Cassidy will deliver this, 'tis he had the luck of the world to go the other rede."

TAKE NOTICE,

"This is to sartify, that one Peter Dempsey was stole out of his grave and he hardly settled in it, last tuesday night, by some evil minded Scotch villians, who left their marks and tokens behind them; one of them is well known by them that seen him, as follows: there was a dog alonge wid im, with a cropped

ear, and a very shart tale; wore when he went away, a pare of blew throwers, and hussian boots, and had a large white speck on his back besides; the baste had a very starved looke, and was about five foot eleven inches in his stocking feet, had a collar about his neck, and was seemingly lame in one of his hind legs, from a bite from another dog; his head was covered with a blewish hanketcher, having left his scotch cap in the church-yard, being in a hurry, I suppose, when the hullabuloo was set up. Any one that brings intelligence of Peter's corpse, so as it is'n't already nautomised by the doctors, to any of us, whose names are described below, will receive a reward, which we can settle the amount between ourselves when we meet.

PATRICK DEMPSEY—<sup>his</sup> Brother's son of same.

JER. SULLIVAN—<sup>his</sup> Brother's daughter's husband.

TIM DELANY—<sup>his</sup> Son's daughter's husband of same.

RICHARD DOYLE—<sup>mark</sup>

NICHOLAS MORAN—<sup>his</sup> <sup>mark</sup>

"N. B. Any one that is lothe to give information, except in private, will be trated accordingly; and I promis to tell it to no man, excepting my wife, which is all as one as myself.

RICHARD DOYLE.

"Postcrip—Pleas inquire at the gaol."

As this volume is 'mere Irish' we shall return to it again next week, when it will, we believe, be published.

*Essay on the History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland, from the Birth of Christ to the English Invasion.* By John D'Alton, Esq. M. R. I. A. &c.—Dublin: R. Graisberry.

[UNPUBLISHED.]

### THIRD NOTICE.

In our former notices of this curious and valuable volume, we brought down the author's summary of Irish history to the invasion of the Danes, A. D. 795; we now resume our *précis* of the volume, commencing with the first of the two remaining periods into which it is divided, viz. that which extends from the last named date to the year 1014, when the famous battle of Clontarf was fought.

"There is one general notice of Ireland in this period, which, while it cannot be referred to any particular head, is well worthy of insertion; it is that of Donatus, who, in the middle of the ninth century, thus beautifully describes the island:

"Finibus occiduus describitur optima tellus,  
Nominē et antiqua Scotia scripta libris;  
Insula dives opum gemmarum vestes et auri,  
Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo;  
Melle fluit, pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis,  
Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris.  
Ursorum rabies nulla est ibi seava, leonum  
Seminū nec unquam Scotia terra tulit.  
Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit in herba.  
Nec conquesta canit gerrula rana lacu,  
In qua Scotorum gentes habitare merentur,  
Inclita gens hominum milite; pace, fide."

"After this highly interesting description of a country, peaceful and sequestered, what a frightful, appalling history succeeds; as if Donatus's picture had been sketched when the fame of Ireland was setting in grandeur, and all that too rapidly follows is mist and vapour, and intellectual darkness, illumined only by the

torch of desolation, the fire of churches, convents, palaces, and cities, consuming into promiscuous ashes.

"The pirates of the north, Danes, Frisians, Norwegians, Swedes, and Livonians, had within the scope of the last period, commenced those systematic expeditions for plunder, which assimilated them to the descendants of Ishmael, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. At first these incursions were conducted with little system, 'a chieftain sailed with a few ships and collected all the scattered adventurers who were willing to partake his fortunes; they landed on the coast, and formed a temporary fortress, to which, as to a strong hold, they drove all the cattle, and having killed and salted them, the freebooters returned home, where they spent their jol, (i. e. yule,) or brumal feast, with much glee and triumph. Such an expedition was called a strand-hoggva, or strand-slaughter.' Horses, it would appear, were on such occasions a great article of rapine, and the feast of jol, which lasted three days, is thought to have derived its name from the eating the flesh of these animals."

"It is obviously deducible from the history of this interval, that the march of religion and morality must have been cruelly checked by the progress of the Danish tyrannies. Christianity had hitherto, as Cambrensis admits, remained untainted and unshaken (illibata et inconcussa.) But henceforward the Christian clergy could only preserve their lives in the intricacies of woods, and bogs, and caverns; and Jocelin goes the length of affirming, that deviations both in discipline and doctrine were the result of this breaking up of the ecclesiastical communities. By great efforts of endurance, however, some of the principal schools were maintained, and notices can still be found of many a youth, who 'in Hiberniam eruditiois causā missus; Ardmachæ humanis literis imbutus est.'"

Passing from the perpetual ravages of these invaders, their burnings, slaughters, and desecrations, to the sciences, literature, and learned men of this period, our author proceeds as follows:

"When the Danes first arrived in Ireland, they found the country, as has been shewn, covered with populous towns and flourishing schools, wherein the sciences were taught and the arts cultivated; but in the melancholy period of their military occupation, they rioted over the land with such ruinous desolation, that scarcely a monument of its former pride was suffered to survive. Trained up, as they were, from their infancy to the barbarous chivalry of a pirate life, devoted to the profession of arms so as to pay almost divine honours to their swords; inured and accustomed to feats of desperate valour, educated only in the experience of dangerous exercises, leaping, skating, and swimming; they set but little value on the opportunities for better instruction, which, on their first coming into Ireland opened around them. Notwithstanding their ravages, however, some of the academies maintained a precarious establishment, as has been shewn in the case of Armagh; and 'after the destruction of Icolmkill, Ireland sheltered and preserved that learning, which Scotland in a great measure lost; whence, in Ireland are to be found numerous historical documents and records, which the antiquarian looks for in vain

among any archives or collections of antiquities in Scotland.'

"Some few native annals-writers flourished at this period, whose works have partly descended to the present age. Cormac, a petty king of Munster, is the most remarkable of these, as being the author of the Psalter of Cashel, a MS. we believe yet extant, and considered of the highest authority. Mac Liag was also an eminent annalist of the day. He was chief antiquary of Ireland in the time of Brien Boromhe, whose life he wrote. He also composed the Munster book of battles, which gives the most authentic account of the encounters with the Danes down to the memorable action at Clontarf. He was likewise an eminent poet, and some of his poems are still extant. Of these an address to Kinvara after the fall of Boromhe, is one of Mr. Hardiman's forthcoming collection, which the author of this Essay has attempted to translate into English verse. Archdall, citing Mac Geoghegan, records a similar union of the historian and poet, in an Abbot of Kenetty, who died in 871.

"The science of music it is alleged found not only a patron but an adept in even Boromhe himself, and his harp, which is fully described in the thirteenth number of Vallancey's Collect. Hib. is still shewn in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. According to generally received tradition, it was carried to Rome by Donogh his son, on his being de-throned in 1064; and the exile is said to have laid the harp with the crown and other regalia of the Irish monarchs at the feet of the Pope, as a full submission of the kingdom of Ireland. It is even asserted that Adrian avowed this circumstance as one of the principal grounds for the title which by his alleged Bull he transferred to Henry the Second. These symbols of homage remained in the Vatican till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the Pope, reserving to himself the crown, which was of massive gold, sent the harp to that English sovereign. The tyrant, however, placing but little value on the instrument, gave it to the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it continued to the beginning of the last century, when it passed in the female line into other custody, and has been ultimately deposited in the Museum before mentioned.

"It is asserted that the Welsh had their harp from the Irish, and Warton, in his first dissertation on English poetry says, that 'even so late as the tenth century, the practice continued among the Welsh bards, of receiving instruction in their profession from Ireland.'"

The fourth and concluding period of Mr. D'Alton's essay extends from the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014, to the arrival of Henry II. The principal notices of Ireland, referable to this period, are to be found in the works of Gerald Barry, a Welshman, or, as he is more generally styled, Giraldus Cambrensis. Of him and the authority of his statements, we extract the following account:

"He visited that country as the instructor of prince (afterwards king) John, and continued in the island for nearly two years, during which he made many observations, which are necessarily very curious at this day, but are nevertheless to be received with considerable caution. It must not be forgotten that he came over, the advocate of English dominion and Roman discipline, that without the facilities of a native or even a long resident, and with a